13.

Madam Gwins ANSWER TO THE DUTCHES Of Portsmouths LETTER

Madam,

BY your undated Letter I find that you had a very Pleasant and a very Prosperous Voiage and that the Winds were fair, the *Sea* smooth, and the Ship sound, what says *Pluck* the more w—— the better luck, marry an honester woman, has been drown'd Crossing the *Thames*, whilst you it seems escap'd Crossing a Branch of the *Sea*, the *Seamen* it seems lookt upon you as the *Star* by which they were guided, I wonder the more at your landing so happily for *I* should rather have judg'd you an *Ignis Fatuus* or a *Willy* with *wisp*, or a false light- that would have made them run headlong to their own distruction, but give a man luck and throw him into the *Sea*. I had like to have said he that's born to be hang'd will never be drown'd, you tell us of great things, that you are Bigbelly'd with hopes that your little Prince will Mount the *Sea-Horse* and ride Admiral of the narrow *Seas*, but hold I have a little Lord that crep out of my cranny that may for ought I know prick your Bladder and let out that ambitious wind, both sprung from one Branch and why should not he hope for some thing, as well as yours gape for all: there's little difference by the Mother side, if we search the Kerhaells family in *France*, and mine in *England*. You boast much of *Neptune's* kindness and stick not to say that he was *Sea* sick for you, that he proffer'd you Gold, and Pearl, and what not, if you would have let him stick his Trident in you.

But you (innocent soul) spawn'd out his salt water Temptations. I may say to you as its said in another case who hath believed our report?

You

You that will drudge like an Apple-wench for Gold, would drudge like an *Oyster-woman* for Pearl. therefore leave off your Vainglorious boasting for we know you too well to believe you. Hereafter forbear medling with my Mamma it's true she eyed in a ditch, but what then; she was a foul, she loved *Brandy*, and as for your Pappa his lodging in *Wiltshire* was but in a *Pigsty*, that if I came from a Drunken family, you sprung from a swinish race, and pray what's the difference when our Pedigree is: summed up? why should you and I fall out? by your Letter I find you in a pocky heat you do not only reflect upon me but upon most of our *English* Lady's; what strange effects hath the *French* Aire already produced! you have hardly warmed your seat with the *Pox*, and yet you appear, to be in a mighty heat. If you have such a plaguy prodgious stomack that you can tast of twenty Dishes, and yet after all take a snack with the Coachman, or a private collation from the *Butler* it's pitty but you were confined with the King of *Morocco's Ostriches* in St. *James's Park* and fed with pieces of old *Iron*, or at best with *Oxes liver* for Royal fare doth but ill become you, the greasy great eating *Quaker* was easier satisfied then you seem to be. If you have so lascivious an appetite as your letter mentions, it's well if the *French* Kings Army can satisfie you, as for my part I can content my self with the society of one or two good likely footmen, after I have had a litle Royal pastime, and therefore press me no more to marry, what need I keep a *Cow* that can have a quart of *Milk* for a penny; now I can go to *Newmarket*, anon to *Windsor*, and from thence to *London*, and who dare say *Nelly* where goest thou? I can admit this Gallant to my imbraces to day another to morrow, and still be at quiet at home, should I once give up my pleasures into the hands of a *Cuckold* there would be no end of my sorrow I durst not then let a man come near me but in long Coats. Jealousy would burn up all my delights, that thing you call Husband would make my bed uneasy he would be as *gall* and *Worm-wood* in my drink he would imbitter all my delights. If I cast but an affectionate eye, on an old acquaintance, he would cry I itch'd for his imbraces, and it may be give me the strapado to put him out, of my thoughts. Marry! bless me at these years, to whom? for what? what would be the effect of Marraiage? many a thump on the back, but few on the britch, No, no, your advice in this case is as destructive to me, as it has been to our Kingdom in other cases I doubt; rather then marry, I would make the Embassador of *Morocco's* men my Gallants, one after one, and when *I* had hir'd them all *I* would send for the *Pump* the *Bolsprit* or the *Mainmast* you speak of, and hug them as the *Devil* hugs the *Witch*. When I am so old that I can neither go nor see then *I'le* marry a man that shall lead me into what Company he likes, and if he be jealous then the *Devil's* in't; *I* am not so old but *I* can Skip to *Newmarket* as nimbly as the youngest lass in *Town* and whilst any Royal sport is stirring hope to come in for a snack.

Whilst any thing is stirring for the Belly,
The best It'h Land will give a piece to Nelly,
And comfort her old age with Royal jelly.

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